

The History of

*Ser.* It is my Lord.

*Hot.* That Roan shall be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* leade him forth into the Parke.

*Lady.* But heare you, my Lord.

*Hot.* What sayst thou, my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In fayth ile know your busines, *Harry*, that I wil: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize, but if you  
*Hot.* So far afoot, I shall be weary, loue. (goe.)

*La.* Come, come, you Parraquito, answer mee directly vnto this question that I shall aske: in fayth ile breake thy little finger, *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, away, you trisler, loue: I loue thee not; I care not for thee, *Kate*, this is no world To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips, We must haue bloody noses, and crackt crownes; And passe them currant too: gods me my horse. What saist thou *Kate*, what wouldst thou haue with me?

*La.* Doe you not loue me? doe you not indeede? Well, doe not then? for since you loue me not, I will not loue my selfe. Doe you not loue me? Nay, tell me, if you speake in iest, or no?

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare, I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*, I must not haue you henceforth question me: Whither I goe: nor reason whereabout: Whither I must, I must: and to conclude; This evening must I leaue you, gentle *Kate*. I know you wise, but yet no farther wise, Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are, But yet a woman, and for secrecie, No Lady closer, for I will beleene. Thou wilt not vter what thou dost not know: And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

*La.*

Henry the Fourth.

*La.* How so far?

*Hot.* Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*, Whither I go, thither shall you goe too: To day will I set forward; to morrow you: Will this content you *Kate*?

*La.* It must of force.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince and Poynes.*

*Prince. Ned*, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend mee thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poy.* Where hast beene, *Hell*?

*Prin.* With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst three or foure-score Hogs-heads. I haue founded the very base string of Humility. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leash of Drawers, and can call them all by their Chriitian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*; they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of *Courtesie*, and tell mee flatly, I am not proud like *Falstaffe*; but a *Corinthian*, a Lad of metall, a good Boy (by the Lord so they call mee) and when I am King of *England*. I shall command all the good Lads in *Eastcheap*. They call drinking deepe, dying *Scarlet*; and when you breathe in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I will tell thee, *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with mee in this action: but sweet *Ned*: to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this penniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder-skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then 8 shillings and 6. pence, and *You are welcome* with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon sir, Skore a pint of Bastard in the Half moon*, or so. But *Ned*, to drine away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prethee doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end he gaue me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may bee nothing, but *Anon*: step aside, and Ie shew thee a present.

*Poynes. Francis.*

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Poynes. Francis.*

*Fran.* *Anon, anon sir*; looke down into the pomegranat, *Ralfe*,

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*Prince.*